

HOW JAPAN MOURNED LOSS OF HER EMPEROR

Touching Scenes of Thousands
Praying at Palace Gate for
Mutsuhito.

WHAT NEW REIGN MEANS

Yoshihito Shows Western
Training Advocated by Father
—No Political Change.

Special Correspondence of THE SUN.
Tokio, Aug. 24.—The Sun has asked me
to describe the scenes attendant on the
death of his Majesty Mutsuhito, the late
Emperor of Japan and the greatest monarch of his time.

There was but one scene, that of the
sobbing, praying multitude that watched
in the outer court of the imperial castle.
The country over there were countless
other groups of people praying on mountain
tops, in temple courts, before rustic
shrines and in Christian churches but
they seemed only shadows of that im-
pressive scene before the palace gate.

The august sufferer was one whose
name will shine among those of the no-
blest of earthly kings. Of all earthly
rulers he alone could say "In my reign
I have led my people from the condition
of a medieval hermit nation to the first
rank of the civilized powers." In his
last sufferings and death he also stood
preeminent; for it is doubtful if ever
another ruler at the close of a long reign
received an equal tribute of love and self-
forgetful devotion. Yet the scene was
truly Japanese and, like all things beau-
tiful in Japan, found its beauty in simplicity.

Years ago I went to see an old time
Japanese gentleman. His rank under
the new regime was that of baron. His
garden, I had been told, was one of the
finest in Tokio. When I was shown into
the drawing room I was told that the
baron was engaged but would see me
soon. I thus had time to study my sur-
roundings.

The room was about 21 by 15 feet, with
an outlook down a charming slope shaded
by old cherry trees to the little lake nest-
ling below. But it was the room rather
than the garden that soon began to impress
itself upon me. The furniture seemed to
consist of a single gold leaf screen at the
far end. Otherwise the room seemed
quite bare, though wonderfully chaste in
its neatly matted floor, its walls of rich
brown, its ceiling beams and uprights
of carefully chosen woods. After a while
I became aware of another presence in
the room. There just by the edge of the
screen stood a stand so frail that I had
quite overlooked it. It held a plain sil-
ver vase of delicate proportions, and from
this rose one single graceful flower. That
solitary flower seemed all at once the cen-
ter of the room, the house and all the gar-
den round it. It caught and held the eye
as the flame of a solitary lamp will do when
seen through the blackness of a starless
night. It compelled all the admiration
one had to give, and yet it stood there
without ostentation a simple, humble flower.

Somehow the memory of that room and
of that flower comes back to me as I think
of the scene before the palace gate. I
wish you could see it as I do.

Palace on a Hilltop.

The land on which Tokio stands is in
two levels. The lower portion consists
of a part of the vast irregular rice plain
that forms the muddy shores of Tokio Bay.
Into this plain from the northwest
rises a series of flat-topped hills which are
really promontory-like projections from
an ancient river terrace. On one of these
flat-topped hills stands the imperial palace
or castle, for such it was in ancient days.
Standing on the level of the lower plain
we look across the broad castle moat at
the ancient walls and grassy green slopes
which sweep up to the top crowned with
sombre pines and cedars. About midway
of the eastern slope the moat cuts deep
into the heart of the hill, and across the
little chasm thus formed is thrown the
famous Nijū-bashi or double arched
bridge, the direct approach to the palace.
The double bridge has become a syn-
onym of the word palace, for from the
open square below it the people get their
first glimpse of the Emperor as he leaves
the palace gate or their last as he returns
again. Groups of country people have
always gathered there to do him rever-
ence.

Beyond the bridge, within the gates,
and half hidden by the dark trees on steep
portions of two long, low, bronze covered
roofs. They have the sweeping inward
curve peculiar to the roofs of temples.
The palace buildings are of one story and
their dark gables are only dimly seen
from below. Most tourists find more to
interest them in the pagoda-like guard
towers on the castle walls.

In front of the castle hill and pushing
out toward the busiest part of the city is
an open space about a quarter of a mile
square and surrounded by an outer moat
and wall. Within it is entirely bare save
for a few grass plots and low pine trees.

Six years ago it was crowded full of Ru-
sian guns of all sizes and countless stands
of rifles and side arms, bought with the
best blood of a loving people and offered
to him who in stripes had taught them:
The fox that strikes thee, for the coun-
try's sake.

Strike him with all thy might.
But while thou strik'st
forget not still to love him.

Now in 1912. Now once more this
outer court before the Double Bridge is
packed not with cold steel, but with
throbbing, aching hearts. Again it is
an offering of love. Tens of thousands
are there; heads are bowed and bowed,
often to the dust, and when raised are
searching in the dark for that one light
which shines outside the Emperor's room
to show where lies he whom they revere
as father, as King, and perhaps as some-
thing more.

The Russian guns with empty mouths
stood there silent and motionless for
weeks. The swelling hearts and mouths
quivered along with passionate prayer are forced
by continued, earnest supplication. In
among them move the mounted police,
kind, dark shadows in the dark, watch-
ful over all and gently striving to make a
place for the thousands from the outer
moat who come to gaze and pray.

Many Forms of Sorrow.

The sadness of the scene has some di-
versity. Here rises the well known Bud-
dhist invocation to Armda; there the
simple Shinto formula is being recited;
yonder a group of schoolgirls sob out
their petitions to heaven that their Em-
peror may be spared. Among the crowd
are groups of Christians, too, who stand

or kneel in silent prayer. Occasionally
a band of students enters in what seems
to be a lante-n procession, but in a very
different spirit. These are the ones who
nearly tore in pieces a thoughtless pho-
tographer who tried to take the scene,
and one of these, it is said, killed himself
close to the inner moat that his life might
be to the gods a substitute for that of his
beloved Emperor.

Five hours by rail from Tokio nesting
among the mountains is the little town of
Nikko, known the world over for the
beauty of its ancient cedar avenues and
its magnificent temples over the graves
of the Shoguns. Twice during the ten
days the word went through this town that
every house should send one of its mem-
bers to the top of Mount Nantai, 5,000
feet above, to pray for the Emperor's
recovery. What was seen in Tokio could
be seen throughout the length and
breadth of the land.

Yonder within the castle walls burned
th a single light before a simple room—
a palace room, but only 21 by 15 feet,
severe in its appointments—and there the
Father of the Japanese people lay dying.
Well might they revere him as their na-
tional father. An absolute monarch, he
had given them a constitution and codified
laws. One of the wealthiest of kings
he had lived with great frugality and
had given millions to support his officers
and to help his poor. The humblest
peasant, whose aching back was bent
almost to breaking in the weeding of the
hot and muddy rice fields, knew that
his Emperor had felt for him. The proud-
est diplomatist knew that much of his
salary came from the privy purse.

He was the one great thought in every
Japanese breast, and what he gave his
people in his death may yet prove worthy
to be told with what he gave in life.

A Religious Awakening.

Two days before the end the editor
of the *Japan Times*, himself a highly
educated Japanese, penned the following
editorial, which appeared under the title
"A New Awakening":

At the most critical stage of his ill-
ness, which the Emperor is passing just
now, the sickroom bulletins issued by the
court are read with the most intense
avidity, scanning every line, every word
of them by the millions of the empire,
while the prayers are raised by high and
low, and young and old throughout the
land. We join in the prayer and fervent
hope that his Majesty, who is constitu-
tionally strong, will eventually triumph
over his malady.

There are, we think, two ways of in-
terpreting this ardent appeal to the un-
seen powers by the whole nation for the
protection and restoration to health of its
adored sovereign. One of them will be
to stop at accepting it as a manifesta-
tion of the intense spirit of loyalty and
love toward the Emperor. The other and
deeper insight into it will be that it arises
from a firm conviction that the cry of the
heart raised in all sincerity and purity
will have the power to move into com-
passion a superhuman presence—quite
definite in some minds and not so clearly
outlined in others. For our part we be-
lieve that every Japanese—man or
woman—who is praying for the Emperor
will feel inspired if it be said that he or
she is doing so for the sake of a ruler
instead of being actuated by a deep-
seated belief that his or her devo-
tional practice will contribute toward
dispelling from the unknown dis-
persing into the ether a feverish heat
of the Emperor. This fact and instinctive
reliance on the unseen power is the root
of every religion.

In this light, it might be most
appropriately said that in this hour of
intense anxiety a great wave of religious
revival is passing over the nation. In
many minds it will call into activity a
belief and thoughts long forgotten, even
abandoned, while in others it will be a
new sense of spiritual solitude of the
human heart. In any case, it is an un-
deniable fact that the entire nation, bound
by a common feeling of all absorbing
anxiety, is awake to a new spiritual ex-
perience. This will bear us out in what
we have said that on this occasion we
now said, that it is not an occasion
of shallow observers, unacquainted
with the history of our people, to think
that the Japanese are an irreligious or a
non-religious people.

As we are we rejoice over this reassur-
ing manifestation; for no people, how-
ever advanced in material progress, can
disregard the spiritual element and with-
out their moral fibre. Let us pray and
hope that our great and beloved Emperor
will be spared to reign long over us.

Scenes at Imperial Bedside.

The last ten days of the Emperor's life
will also be remarkable for the glimpse
given of the scene at the imperial bed-
chamber. It was not so much the austere
simplicity of the monarch's bed chamber:
it was not that her Majesty the Empress
was not watching there constantly day
and night; it was not the news that it
was at her express command that special-
ists had been summoned from outside
the court, nor that the services of trained
nurses were requested by the eminent
physicians attending her; it was the news
of the court; nor was it that the diet
of the imperial patient was found to have
been sadly ill suited to his state of health.
All these things were matters of interest.
But when Premier Saionji obtained per-
mission to give to the people the doctors'
reports in all their professional and most
painfully minute details it was as if the
veil that from hoary antiquity had been
religiously drawn over the private lives
of the Emperors had been suddenly torn
aside and the whole nation invited to
watch beside their dying ruler. The
effect on the people at large has been
incalculable.

As one Japanese said: "Fifty years ago
this would have been unthinkable. We
should have learned of his Majesty's
illness months after all was over. Had
we known of it and presumed to mention
his great name in public prayer for his
recovery it would have meant death to
every suppliant." Marquis Saionji was
wise. He had placed the Flower of the
Empire alone and full in the gaze of a
reverent people.

"The Emperor is Dead."

As Monday night drew on it became
more and more plain to the crowd meet-
ing in the great square that hope was
gone. Supplication gave place to tense
anxiety. The last bulletin with its one
word critical had been repeated from man
to man. That one word now filled all
hearts. The long silence with no bulle-
tin became almost unendurable. Mid-
night had passed. Then suddenly jin-
rikishas drawn by the fastest of runners
dashed out of the side gate of the castle
enclosure and the crowd recognized the
messengers of the press bearing to the
anxious world the last report. "The great
Emperor is dead."

Silence—mighty groan from the over-
wrought multitude; and then from the
northern park, three miles away, rang
out the deep, sad tones of the great bell
of Ueno, tolling the knell of the passing
soul.

Very near the big bell stands a young
oak, planted there by our Gen. Grant.
We like to think that the visit of our illu-
strous ex-President was among the visits
most enjoyed by the great Emperor.
We are glad too, that the first word of
condolence on Tuesday morning was
given by the American Ambassador.
It was fitting that the representative



THE ELEPHANT: "IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A NERVOUS, RUN-
DOWN CONDITION MYSELF, I WOULDN'T BE SCARED, EITHER."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

of the American people, whose friendship
has meant so much at critical moments
to this great new empire, should be the
first to mourn the loss of him now called
its "Second Founder." That ancient friend-
ship is an honor to both nations. May
oaklike constancy preserve it!

New Emperor Proclaimed.

The King is dead! Long live the King!
According to the law of the Imperial
House sovereignty passes to the new ruler
with the last breath of the old. That was
at 12:43 o'clock A. M. on July 30. Ex-
actly seventeen minutes later the cere-
mony of investiture took place when the
new Emperor Yoshihito, in the presence
of the princes of the blood, the Genro
(elder statesmen), the president of the
privy council, Marshal Prince Yamagata,
and the Cabinet, all assembled in the
throne room, ascended the throne, and
accepted the proffered imperial regalia,
the sword and the jewel and the seal of
the empire. That day ended the era of
Meiji (enlightenment). On July 31 the
new era began. It is called the era of
Taisho, a combination of two Chinese
characters selected according to the an-
cient Chinese "Philosophy of Changes."
The meaning seems to be "Mutual faith-
fulness of ruler and ruled."

And what will the change of rulers mean
to Japan and to the far East? This is a
question that many are asking. The
answers are various. The new Emperor
is known to be very simple in his tastes.
Some say that he even verges on being
democratic. We are told that at his sum-
mer home he has come to his door quite
informally and attended only by his con-
sort. There is another story of his
having thrown his suite of officers into
consternation by suddenly leaping from
his horse and going to the help of a cas-
ualty soldier who had been thrown and
hurt. It is even said that he insists on
tying his own shoe laces. Far more sig-
nificant is the fact that his imperial father
early entrusted him to the wise guardian-
ship of Prince Arisugawa, under whose
influence he has had kept ever before him
the ideal of the English home. Such a
home in its purity and beauty we believe
he has striven to build up, and it would
seem as if it was almost in proclamation
of this ideal that on his first visit as Em-
peror to the tier of his father he took his
Empress with him in the imperial coach—
a new thing in Japan. The ennobling
of life throughout the empire will
surely follow from this example set by the
ruler, and that point strengthened the
national structure will gain immeasurably.

Little Change Politically.

Politically, we look for little change.
In Japan the Emperor, like the head of
each family, is, in the peculiar theory of
the land, primarily a priest—a sort of
patriarchal priest with definite duties
to perform, first of all toward the dead,
whose spirits are supposed to guard and
bless the family. This is the solemn
duty to which the oldest son succeeds.
The younger brothers may go into busi-
ness or travel far and make a name and
wealth that will add to the family's re-
putation, but the eldest son must remain
at home to maintain the long ancestral
line, to keep up the worship, to care for
the graves and to preside at the meetings
of the family council (whose decisions
of the way, are recognized by law). The
Emperor is the Over Father, in the great
original line of ancestors to which all
other Japanese families trace their de-
scendant. It is no mean figure of speech,
therefore, to speak of him as Father.
The new Emperor has his duties which
none but he can perform. He is sur-
rounded by three circles of councillors,
just as in olden times three moats guarded
the castle hill. Innermost and there-
fore most powerful stand the Genro, or
Elder Statesmen; next come the Privy
Council with Prince Marshal Yamagata,
the leader of the military faction, as its

President; on the outside and most in the
public view are the members of the Cab-
inet. Such a system is well balanced and
gives little likelihood of sudden changes.
Significant in high degree was the kindly
injunction sent out through the police
immediately after the death of the Em-
peror commanding the people to continue
in their daily duties of business or work.
Significant also was the editorial in the
Asahi warning against excessive grief
and suicide as "unbecoming in a civilized
nation before whom lie solemn and im-
portant responsibilities to be fulfilled."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

The first of the touring companies of
Verba & Luescher's New York all summer
season, "The Rose Maid," sailed yesterday
afternoon for Portland, Me., via the steamer
Northland. The company will play for an
entire week in Portland at the Jefferson
Theatre. After a dress rehearsal at the
Gloucester Theatre yesterday morning the entire
company, numbering in all eighty people,
was loaded into a train of automobiles and
accompanied by a number of the girls of
the Eddie Fox and "The Spring Maid" com-
panies to bid them bon voyage, proceeded to
the dock.

Long Branch, N. J., has been selected
as the opening point for the new Bayard
Theatre. The company will play for an
entire week in Portland at the Jefferson
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Gloucester Theatre yesterday morning the entire
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They have been the guests of Sir Wilfrid
and Lady Laurier in Ottawa.

Mrs. Joseph H. Crane and Miss Dorothy
Patterson, who have been summering in
Europe, returned on the Louisiana and are
at the Ritz-Carlton before going to Mrs.
Crane's home in Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue Livingston, who
have been staying at their country place,
The Rushes, in Southampton, L. I., for the
summer, are in Newport visiting Mr. and
Mrs. Pembroke Jones, Mr. and Mrs.
Earle Dodge have left Southampton also
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Mrs. William A. Slater of Washington is
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William A. Slater, Jr. Mrs. Slater has her
summer place, Willow Bank, in Beverly,
Mass.

The Hon. Reginald Windham of London,
who arrived recently from Europe, is at the
Ritz-Carlton. Major R. P. Cobbald, Capt.
M. Furber and Lewis Waller of London also
are registered at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Ide are visiting
Mr. and Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt at their sum-
mer place, Elford, in Oyster Bay, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Meaney, who have
been staying in Watch Hill, R. I., during
the summer, will return to the St. Regis
to-day.

The engagement is announced of Mrs.
Hope Cheney Havens, daughter of Mr.
Cheney of this city, to Robert G.
McCracken of San Francisco. Mr. McCracken
has been spending a few weeks as a guest
of Mr. Cheney and her daughter at one of
the Atlantic coast resorts.

At a tea given yesterday by Mrs. James
W. Houghton in her country place in Bar-
re Springs, N. Y., the engagement was
announced of Miss Elizabeth Houghton,
daughter of Justice and Mrs. James Warren
Houghton, to Stuart Morrison Don of Troy,
N. Y. No date has been set for the wed-
ding.

USES GOWN AS TOURNIQUET.

Woman Binds Up Leg of Man Run

Over by Car.

James Dickenson, 60 years old, a butler
in the employ of J. V. Talvert, at Irvington-
on-Hudson, fell from the running board of an
eight avenue car last night at Seventieth
street and Central park West. The car
passed over his right leg, severing it above
the knee. He was carried to the curb un-
conscious.

An unknown woman who saw the acci-
dent removed white undergarment, which
she tore into strips and formed a tourniquet
above the injury to stop the flow of blood.

He was taken to the Flower Hospital at
Seventy-sixth street and Central Park West,
where Dr. Marthan amputated the leg.

GEN. E. V. SUMNER DEAD.

Veteran of Civil War Dies in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 24.—Brig.-Gen.
E. V. Sumner, retired, died last night at the
Presidio Hospital. He was 77 years
old.

Edwin Vose Sumner was born at Car-
lista, Pa., August 16, 1825. He was a
son of Major-Gen. E. V. Sumner. He
joined the volunteer service, and in 1861
was first sergeant of the Henry Clay
Guards at Washington. He was made a
Second Lieutenant and assigned to the
First United States Cavalry. He was an
aid on the staff of Gen. Stoneman, chief
of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.
In a short time he was made a First
Lieutenant. On September 22, 1863, he
was made a Captain in the regular army.
A year later he was appointed Colonel of
the First New York Mounted Rifles. He
was made brevet Brigadier-General of
volunteers on March 25, 1865, and Major-
General May 27, 1865. In the regu-
lar service he was made Major of the
Fifth Cavalry on March 4, 1879; Lieu-
tenant-Colonel Eighth Cavalry April 15,
1880; Colonel Seventh Cavalry Novem-
ber 1, 1884, and Brigadier-General
March 27, 1899.

As a member of Gen. Stoneman's staff
he took part in the closing operations
of the Maryland campaign. He took part
in the raid on Richmond and he was
bravest three times for gallant work in
the field. Gen. Sheridan recommended
him for promotion.

After the war, Sumner served for
fourteen years on the Pacific coast. He
took part in the Nez Percés, Modoc, Ban-
nock and Sioux campaigns. In 1881 Gen.
Sumner was assigned to New York. In
1882 he was in command of Fort Totten,
Neb. He was there for three years.
After that he served in Kansas, Indian
Territory and Oklahoma. He retired in
1888.

Gen. Sumner married Margaret For-
ster, a daughter of Gen. John Forster of
Harrisburg, Pa. Their son, Lieut. E. V.
Sumner, served with the Second and Third
States Cavalry in the Philippines. He
was commended for gallant conduct at
Mindanao.

WILLIAM ANDREWS PEW.

Was Chairman of Republican Na-
tional Committee at One Time.

GLoucester, Mass., Aug. 24.—William
Andrews Pew died at his residence in West-
ern avenue at 5 o'clock this morning.
Mr. Pew was born in this city August 15,
1822, and was therefore just past his
eightieth year. The Pew family originally
came to Gloucester from Virginia about
1750.

Mr. Pew's father was John Pew, who
founded the well known fishing firm of John
Pew & Son. He was one of three brothers,
Charles and John J. being the others, the
latter surviving.

Just prior to the civil war the firm built a
large number of fishing vessels. The war
caused an enormous rise in fish values and
gave little likelihood of sudden changes.
Significant in high degree was the kindly
injunction sent out through the police
immediately after the death of the Em-
peror commanding the people to continue
in their daily duties of business or work.

For the central decorative feature Miss
French utilized the marble fountain in
Chesterwood gardens, one of the creations
of her father. About this fountain was built
the dancing floor and quaint lights were
suspended above the floor and through the
garden. By the use of reflecting lights the
marble statues of the grounds were revealed.

Miss French received in a Carmine
costume. Her house guest, Miss Dorothy
French, appeared as a Turkish lady.

Among the guests in costume were Mr.
and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Mr. and Mrs.
Edward H. Deland, Col. and Mrs. Spencer
Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Robt De Feyster Tytus,
Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Dixey, Mr. and Mrs.
Edwin T. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Walter P.
Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. David T. Dana, Mr.
Arthur W. Swann, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold
Becker, Miss Mabel Choate, Mr. and Mrs.
Edith Kohlman, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bishop,
Rosamond, Dixey, Virginia Field, Alice
Averill, Messrs. John Harrag, Spencer
O. Shotter, Bernard Hoffman, Charles But-
ler, James H. Walker, Jr., Jack Clark, Stephen
Turner, John Morse, Albert Fletcher,
Frederick Peirson, Newton Macintosh,
Donald Woodward and Dudley Field.

Notes of the Social World.

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re Springs, N. Y., the engagement was
announced of Miss Elizabeth Houghton,
daughter of Justice and Mrs. James Warren
Houghton, to Stuart Morrison Don of Troy,
N. Y. No date has been set for the wed-
ding.

USES GOWN AS TOURNIQUET.

Woman Binds Up Leg of Man Run

Over by Car.

James Dickenson, 60 years old, a butler
in the employ of J. V. Talvert, at Irvington-
on-Hudson, fell from the running board of an
eight avenue car last night at Seventieth
street and Central park West. The car
passed over his right leg, severing it above
the knee. He was carried to the curb un-
conscious.

An unknown woman who saw the acci-
dent removed white undergarment, which
she tore into strips and formed a tourniquet
above the injury to stop the flow of blood.

He was taken to the Flower Hospital at
Seventy-sixth street and Central Park West,
where Dr. Marthan amputated the leg.

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